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## MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

November.

Aye, November is upon us with her withered leaves, her scowling clouds, shrouding the heavens ever and anon with their mantle of gloom, and shutting the lazy sun entirely from our view. November has been stigmatized as a cheerless month, and it is said that in England, more suicides are committed during this month than in any one of the twelve. But, to us it appears, with all its gloom and cheerless storms, as a friend. She warns us of the approach of winter, and urges us to be busy in the preparation for that inclement period. That her admonitions may not pass unheeded, she gives us occasionally a foretaste of the coming cold, by breathing a little frost and snow upon us, just by way of a little sample of what is not far off; and then, perhaps she will brush away the fog and the clouds, and look out through the quiet smoke of an Indian summer, as meek and as calm as a dying Christian, as much as to say, now is your time to prepare. Prepare, that's the word for the farmer. It is indeed a month for preparation. The harvest must be closed up if it is not already done; your manure must be spread if it is not already done; your barn must be prepared for the reception of your cattle which will now begin to need a shelter; your houses and out-houses must all be prepared to keep out the cold air of winter, which will pour into every hole and crevice which it finds open; the sides must be banked up; the cellar windows closed and made tight; the tools not needed till summer, put away; the pigs and the poultry fattened; the children clad and shod anew, and made ready for school, which always begins "Monday after Thanksgiving;" the schoolmaster must be engaged and the school-house windows mended and made ready for the winter campaign. The evenings are now sufficiently long to give the farmer a pleasant resting spell, and his fire begins to have a social as well as cheerful aspect; and where will you find more solid comforts than in the kitchen of a thrifty New England farmer, or a happier troop of lads and lasses than those who usually assemble about his hearth at this season of the year? Why then should November be abused by the epithet of cheerless or gloomy?

Its storms and its clouds are friendly warnings, its gleams of light and its "fits of calm and dreamy sunshine," are invitations also, to get ready, as we before said, for the coming of the old Ice King, whose icicle locks may be heard to rattle in the distance, and the chill of his nostrils be felt, as he looks over the northern hills at the retiring sun. "The prudent man foreseeth the evil of delay, and hideth himself" in the covert of industrious preparation. And if his benevolence is equal to his prudence he will have an eye to the poor in his neighborhood, and give to them a helping hand in their endeavors to make a comfortable provision for winter; and thus mayhap prevent much suffering, and possibly a bill of public charges in the pauper account of his town.

### Setting out Trees in the Fall.

Now is the time to transplant trees. If any one has not already done it, and is desirous of having either fruit or ornamental trees about him, a day cannot be better spent than in this business. For many reasons we prefer the fall for transplanting. There is generally more leisure than in the spring, and the work can be therefore done better. The trees become "settled," as it were, in their new home by the time spring comes on, and are already to start as early as the rest of their tribe, and if any should fail, you may sometimes ascertain it in season to supply its place in time for it to advance during the summer.

Daniel Taber, of Vassalboro', we are informed, has a good nursery of fruit trees. We should like to see a catalogue of his varieties, and if he will forward it to us, we will give him a column of the Farmer to put it in. What say, Daniel? Tell us what you have got that's good.

### Western and Eastern Plows.

The Maine Farmer is disposed to be a little facetious at our mention of some of our best western plows, as compared with those in use at the East, and asks us to describe. We believe that we mentioned the principal difference, in the article alluded to, as we understood the matter. We may be mistaken, but we suppose that the best plow in use in the eastern States is made of cast iron. Is it not? The soil there universally almost will scour such a plow; will it not?

Such is not the fact with us. A cast iron plow will not more scour, or clear itself, in most of our prairie soils, than the end of a chesnut rail drawn under a few. A few are in use constructed of wrought iron; but this is generally too soft a material, as it is easily scratched, and the least scratch on the mold-board catches the earth and clogs the implement. Our best plows, then, are made of the best of cast steel—that is, every part of them which touches the earth, including mold-board, land-side, and point: And these are polished as bright as a razor before use, and must be kept so to perform the required work. An eastern plow may be made of good or better timber, as handsomely fashioned, or more so—but have you any polished cast steel plows in Maine, friend Farmer? If you, we have done. [Prairie (Illinois) Farmer.]

Polished cast steel plows!!! Why, no indeed, friend; and we are so "green" that we never saw one "in all our born days." We take the cast iron ones and polish them by use, and so gritty are we that in a few years we polish one all up. We thank our brother of the fat prairies for his information. We are wiser than we were before taking up his paper, and we generally are after doing so.

MORE GOLD.—It is said that a new and very rich gold mine has been discovered on the lands in the upper part of Moore county, North Carolina. The ore is said to be worth from \$10 to \$20 a bushel, so far as it has been examined. It is imbedded in a blue flint stone. One of the veins is twelve feet wide; but the richest vein is from eight to twelve inches wide. [N. Y. Tribune.]

A person writing in the Michigan Farmer recommends buttermilk for the destruction of lice on cattle.

# MAINE FARMER.

A Family Newspaper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

VOL. XII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1844.

NO. 45.

## Reports of Committees of Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

### On Agricultural Implements.

To the Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

The Committee on Agricultural Implements, having attended to the duties assigned them, have the honor to make the following Report:—We first examined a lot of Axes, No. 32, the only ones presented, consisting of five narrow, and one broad one; and as they appeared to be well steeled and would cut if they were sharp, we recommend that they receive the Society's premium.

No. 38 was a lot of half a dozen hoes, which also were without competitors, but upon examination we found the name of our friend Perkins stamped upon one corner, and concluded to award him the premium, in token of respect for having furnished the farmer with so good an article.

Straw Cutter, No. 38, next claimed our attention, it being the only one which hung out the sign of numbers to attract our notice. This would do up the business well, with a smart hand at the lever, and to encourage the inventor in the exercise of his mechanical powers, we give him the premium.

Nos. 70 and 74 were two substantial, well made single horse farm wagons, just such as the farmers of Kennebec ought to have, and it was not without some difficulty that we could determine which was most deserving of favor, but finally concluded to award the premium to No. 70.

JOHN MARBLE, Per Order.

### On Cows, Heifers, and Heifer Calves.

To the Trustees of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

GENTLEMEN—The Committee to whom was assigned the duty of awarding premiums on Cows, Heifers, and Heifer Calves, ask leave to Report:—That there were but nine Cows entered for premiums; there were none except from Augusta, Hallowell, and Winthrop. Your Committee were much disappointed that they did not see any of the stock owned by H. H. Green, Esq., of Winslow, which has added heretofore so much to our exhibition.

Among those brought for exhibition, we noticed one fine Cow, owned by Mr. Samuel Dunn, of Hallowell; there were also five exhibited by J. W. Hains, Esq., of Hallowell, which we consider very fine animals; also a very fine Cow belonging to Mr. Ephraim Ballard, of Augusta, which had very good quality except size; there were also some very handsome stock exhibited by John Otis, Esq., of Hallowell; L. R. A. Wainwright's "Young Fanny," we consider a very superior Cow for Stock.

Your Committee award to the Cow presented by Mr. Wadsworth Foster, of Winthrop, the Society's first premium.

To J. L. Child's "Madam Favorite," the second premium.

To J. W. Hains' "Sprightly," the third premium.

To M. A. Chandler's "Fanny," the fourth premium.

To Gilman Turner's red Heifer we award the Society's first premium.

To Eben Fuller's, the second premium.

There were nine one year old Heifers offered.

To J. W. Hains' Hereford Heifer, we award the Society's first premium.

To John Kezer, the second premium.

There were three Heifer Calves offered.

To Paine Wingate we award the Society's first premium.

To J. W. Hains, the second premium.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

M. A. CHANDLER, } Committee.  
CHARLES LITTLE, }  
MOSES ROLLINS, }

### Statement of Mr. Martin, on Fowls.

To the Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

GENTLEMEN—The following is my method of keeping poultry, for which, I want your premium, if you consider me entitled to it.

My family of hens consists of twenty in number, exclusive of old king chancleer, who rules the roost, cracks the day and calls to operations. They are of the genuine old fashioned Kennebec breed, which live by eating, and lay for amusement; they generally pay all my bills by using their own. I have a room for them in one corner of my barn, warm and comfortable, well furnished with roosts, nests, &c., where all their operations are carried on, although I give them liberty to go into other parts of the barn, and occasionally the liberty of the yard, which is equal in size to that of any honest man or rogue, who has taken the benefit of the poor debtor's oath. Their bill of fare consists of a constant supply of corn in cold weather, and another dish, which they much prefer, is made of boiled potatoes mashed up fine, and scalded meal or bran, in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter. In the summer the corn food is shortened, and more of the hen-pudding (as we call it) is supplied. In order that the shell department of this business may be carried on to advantage, I supply them with lime and powdered bricks. I kept an account current with them, between the first of January last and the thirty first day of July, inclusive, in which time I received two hundred and fifty cents per dozen, making \$37 50

Estimated cost of corn and potatoes, \$30 00

Balance in favor of the hen family, \$7 50

From this sum, take the interest of the capital invested, cost of lime, brick dust, and attendance, and you have the profits of the brood.

JESSE MARTIN.

A NEWLY INVENTED MUSKET.—On Saturday, Mr. Wm. Hubbell, of Philadelphia, gave a public trial of a musket recently invented by him, which gave great satisfaction to all who witnessed it.

The article in question is a percussion cap, and loads at the breech. The piece has a barrel thirty-three inches in length, and fires an ounce ball.

The breech rolls to one side on a rod opposite to it, secures the barrel to the stock of the gun, when the breech is so rolled open, the cartridge is slipped in, pushed down with the finger—the breech rolled back—primed and fired.

Mr. Hubbell fired sixteen shots in ten seconds over four minutes: eight of the balls took effect in the target at seventy yards, and all of them were within eight inches of the bull's eye. The amount of powder used for cartridges is not more than one-half the usual charge for army muskets, (one pound of powder making one hundred charges,) and yet at eighty yards the balls penetrated an oak plank two inches thick, and flattened themselves as thin as a wafer against a brick wall. The force with which it throws a ball is indeed most surprising.

Mr. Hubbell, afterwards fired twenty-one shots in five minutes and a few seconds.

### Oxford Agricultural Festival.

We attended the Cattle Show at Turner, yesterday, and found much that was interesting, much that affords matter for encouragement and congratulation to the Society, and the friends of agriculture, and some things that may be serviceable in the way of admonition.

We were especially pleased with the exhibition of Working Oxen and Domestic manufactures. The show of Cows, Sheep, and Swine, was not equal to what might easily be furnished in this county; and the display of Fruit, and Dairy produce, was meagre. There are many farmers in the county, who might individually have excelled it.

The arrangements for the exhibition, were judiciously made; and the people of Turner are entitled to the thanks of all present, for the simple provision made for the comfort of visitors. We understand that many of the people opened their houses, and made their friends from other towns welcome; and we know from former experience, how abundant and cordial is the hospitality of the citizens of Turner.

The Ploughing match was well conducted; the some things might perhaps be arranged better on future occasions;—and we may take occasion hereafter to call attention to a few of them.

The services at the meeting house opened by the performance of the following harvest hymn, which was given with fine effect by a numerous choir:

Ye verdant hills, ye smiling fields,  
Thou earth, whose breast produces yields  
To man a rich supply;

When echo's mimic notes prolong  
The melting strains, and bear along  
O'er distant glades, and caves among,  
The mountain Shepherd's artless song,  
Soft swelling to the sky.

Attend the reapers' joyful lays,  
And hear the tribute of their praise,  
To nature's bounteous King;  
Whose voice loud sounding from the pole,  
In thunder oft is heard to roll,  
And oft has melted down the soul,  
When murm'ring deep along it stole  
The zephyr's sighing wail.

And now His hand hath crown'd our toil,  
We joy like those, who share the spoil,  
Of harvest, and the autumnal gale,  
With shouts the laughing pastures ring,  
With grateful hearts, ye reapers, sing  
The praise of heaven's eternal King,  
Through whose paternal care ye bring,  
The produce of the year.

After an appropriate prayer, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, and another piece of music, came the address, by Mr. Whitman, of this town.

The leading topic of the address, was the respectability and importance of labor, and particularly of Agricultural labor. Many happy allusions, many interesting facts, and many valuable suggestions, enriched the discourse; which was listened to with great attention and apparent pleasure, by an audience as large as could crowd into the house.

A copy was requested for publication, which the orator declined to comply with. We hope he may be induced to allow it to be published. We should be glad to lay it before the readers of our paper.

After an anthem by the choir, the services were closed by Rev. Mr. Bates, who alluded to the address in a manner which struck us as peculiarly delicate and beautiful.

After the services, a large number of people partook of a plentiful repast, which was served in a large room over Messrs. Long & Cole's store.

General Clark acted as Marshal, and by his readiness and tact, contributed much to the speedy and orderly forming and conducting of the procession.

The great number present afforded the most gratifying evidence of the interest which exists in our community, in relation to the object of the Association; and we trust it will increase, and that the means of the Society for doing good will be augmented, every year, by the countenance and aid of more and more of our Farmers and Mechanics.

[Norway Advertiser.]

INVENTION OF SUSPENSION BRIDGES BY THE CHINESE, 4000 YEARS AGO.—The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at this early period, is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Shang-leang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Kaon-soo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous provinces of Shen-se, to the west of the capital. Hitherto, its lofty hills and deep valleys had hindered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers, he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys; and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places, he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers very appropriately "flying bridges," and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shen-se, stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm 500 feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and ballustrades are placed on each side to protect travelers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that as the missionaries in China made known the fact more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspension bridges, and that many of them were of iron, the hint may have been taken thence for similar constructions by European engineers.

[Thornton's History of China.]

TO MAKE DRY TREES GROW.—In conversation in our office with a gentleman a few days since, he informed us, if trees that had been sometime dry and had become dry, were entirely buried in the earth for twenty-four hours before being set out, they would often grow when they had appeared to be entirely dead.

The philosophy of the matter appears to be this: the bark and outer vessels of the tree, in drying, are contracted; and though the vessels of the roots, upon being again buried, distend and perform their functions, there is not force enough to carry the sap far up the trunk. By burying the whole tree in moist earth, the cells of the trunk and limbs are expanded in like manner with the roots, so that when again set out, the sap is speedily carried through the whole tree. In this region, where trees are often carried to great distances in this fact, if true, is particularly valuable, and should be remembered.

[Prairie Farmer.]

A Southern paper warns the public against the Rev. W. R. Allen, who lately decamped from the parish of St. Mary, Louisiana, under very mysterious circumstances. His church arraigned him for lying, trading in horses, getting into debt, selling church pews, &c.

### For the Farmer.

The following is the premium Ode, written by O. MERRICK, Esq., for the "Show & Fair" of the East Somerset Co. Agricultural Society, which "came off" at Palmyra village, the 23d and 24th instants, in grand style, and with greater interest, if possible, than ever. This Ode was considered by the adjudging Committee, as worthy of a premium, which was accordingly awarded, and a wish manifested that the same might be published.

Yours truly, THOMAS SMITH.

### Agricultural Ode.

As doubtful now, I make the rash assay  
To seek the prize and bear the palm away,  
O sacred Nine! descend and aid me sing,  
No muse is heard from neighboring woodland ring—  
Sing of the Yeoman's joys and life,  
And rural scenes with bliss so rife,  
How each successive day  
Glides happily away.

When sunny bright,  
Mild and pure as gentle dew,  
Each fond face seems lit with love.

When Phœbus' beams gleam up the azure sky,  
And storms and darkness to their caverns fly,  
And nature sinks her quiet rest,<  
Where nature treasures to her eager vest—  
Her rural opulence, rich and rare,  
Of lovely groves and landscapes fair;  
How each successive day  
Glides happily away.

With all that earth can yield,  
There flowers bloom gay,  
As near the way  
Each smooth streamlet softly flows  
Through green glades in calm repose.

The shades are gathering thick in the west;  
And nature sinks her quiet rest,  
Where nature treasures to her eager vest—  
Her rural opulence, rich and rare,  
Of lovely groves and landscapes fair;  
How each successive day  
Glides happily away.

When comes the dewy night,  
Thus, as fair day  
Ends calm her way,  
So, when to rest we lie to weep,  
Sinks the farmer to his sleep.

### Potato Rot.

To the Editor of the Whig and Courier.

It will be readily admitted that the potato crop is of vast importance to our State as well as to the human family. As there seems to be much diversity of opinion with regard to the cause of the rot, few look in vain for a remedy, as the potato is only what is deemed by many a wide spread calamity I trust will not be out of place. I perceive the complaint is general, not only in our country but in Europe; some fields being but partially affected, while others are hardly worth the digging. In endeavoring to investigate and trace the cause of the decay of the potato (for so I considered it) I have been forcibly struck with the fact, that where the potato is quite as bad as the larger by cutting them into "mince meat." What else then can we expect but "rotten potatoes and few in a hill?" The enquiry may be made, if this theory be correct how is it the old English whites, as well as the long reds, have withstood so long a cultivation? To this I can only reply, that they are more hardy varieties—have less constitutional defects—and consequently are less susceptible to the influences of our variable seasons—but these as well as other varieties, have for years shown strong symptoms of decay, and that they are in the "scar and yellow leaf," is clearly demonstrated, by their small product—blight-rust dwindled tops, with a general debility of their vital powers, the sure concomitants of old age.

The changes have suffered most in this region the past season, they being a favorite market potato and perhaps less affected by the atmosphere than any other variety, have been especially in demand for winter shipping at Frankfurt and Belfast. Their cultivation has been persevered in by our farmers for a long series of years, to the exclusion of almost every other variety.

Respectfully yours, B.

Dixmont, Oct. 5, 1844.

### Study on the Farm.

MESSRS. EDITORS—More exercises of the mind, in observing and reflecting upon the course of nature and the processes of cultivation, would be of vast benefit to most farmers and to their sons.

Some few among them do pass over their grounds and along the roads with their eyes open. They notice the adaptation of different crops to the different soils; they observe the effects of the different processes of cultivation. Such farmers find work for the mind as well as the body; they thus keep themselves bright and contented. The tediousness of hard labor is lessened by the activity of the mind. Nor is the good result confined to themselves alone. Their sons and their laborers catch the same spirit of observation and reflection, and thus they become intelligent and more efficient laborers.

The sons are more contented with home and the farm. Where the various crops in the field are made matters of study, they possess an interest and a value distinct from the amount of money they may bring in. They become each a teacher; they give him lessons to be treasured up, and to be used. And it is those only who seek to learn and to profit by these lessons, which are furnished by the growing corn and fruits of various kinds, who really are intelligent and exemplary farmers. A few, by dint of unwearied toil from year to year, and by soul pinching parsimony, may get money, and this too, without observing any lessons, excepting a few brief ones, which were inculcated by others while they were young. But those who stick to the old way in every thing through thick and thin, and for no other reason than because it is the old way, are not good farmers; they are little more than brute labor-

ers; who by dint of perseverance get some money, but get little else that is worth having. I am not ridiculing old ways, but only say they should be compared with new ones, before one can with any propriety maintain that they *certainly* must be the best. That the old are, in very many cases, the best, is undoubtedly true—that new ways are sometimes better than old, is also as undoubtedly true. And it is only by comparison that we can satisfy ourselves fairly and properly, which path will lead us most directly to the desired object. The matters upon which farmers, and good farmers, differ, are so numerous that no one can expect to settle them all for himself in one year, or even in one life. This to me is a matter of rejoicing, for every farmer may be assured that he can never exhaust his opportunities for learning something new. The pleasure of acquiring knowledge—and this is one of our highest pleasures—is always to be possible with the tiller of the soil. Books and papers upon agriculture are valuable; they give many correct general principles, and many useful hints, but they were not written with especial reference to the soil and modifications which your own experience and observation must point out. Thus some of my brethren object to what they call "book learning," therefore take no agricultural publication. But if we will use our experience and common sense in connexion with books and papers, we shall find them *valuable* aids.

I come to the point from which I ought to have started—that the *farm, your own farm*, is a place for study and observation, and that in order to learn with correctness and satisfaction, keep something like a regular journal in which your "book learning" and observations should be noted down; then you can bring them to bear upon your future practice.

Sioreham, Vt. DOUBLEVILLE.  
[Albany Cultivator.]

### Cooked and Uncooked Food for Fattening Swine.

Is it more economical and profitable to cook food for swine than to give it raw? This question has been much discussed by writers for the agricultural press, and the opinions of the greater number have been in favor of cooking the food, though the results of some few experiments would seem to support the opposite course. Prof. Johnston believes the general result of the numerous experiments which have been made upon this subject in various parts of England, is in favor of cooked food for cattle and swine, so far as the fattening and growing of the animals are concerned; but that the measure seems more doubtful in the case of horses used for hard work.

Judge Buld was of opinion that by cooking the food upon which his hogs were fattened, consisting of small refuse potatoes, pumpkins, and a small quantity of Indian meal, the expense was 50 to 75 per cent. less than feeding with dry corn. It is a fact, pretty generally admitted, that cooked food—grain as well as other sorts—much more nutritious than uncooked. Grain of almost every kind, as all know, increases in bulk by steaming or boiling; and some have supposed it increased in value in proportion as it increased in bulk. This (as Mr. Gaylord observes), is doubtless a mistake; as the nutritive power of articles is rarely in proportion to their size, and never, perhaps, exactly in proportion to their increase of bulk in cooking. Reasoning instituted a series of experiments to determine the rate of increase in different articles used for animals' food, and found the result of some of them as follows:

4 pints of oats after boiling, filled	7 pints.
4 " barley	10 "
4 " buckwheat	14 "
4 " Indian corn	15 "
4 " wheat	10 "
4 " rye	15 "

In the continuation of his experiments to ascertain the effect of such food on animals, he found that with some of these articles, though the bulk was much increased, the food required to satisfy the animal was the same as if no cooking had taken place; or that an animal that would eat half a bushel of oats, would eat a bushel cooked, with the same ease.

The nutritive power was, apparently, increased, or the whole of it contained in the grain made available, which, when grain is fed raw, is rarely the case. On the whole he came to the conclusion that when wheat, barley or Indian corn is used for feeding, it is far more economical to cook these grains than to feed them in a raw state.

A writer in the American Farmer, some 15 years ago, gave the result of an experiment he made to ascertain the difference between raw corn and corn meal cooked, in fattening swine. The following is a part of his account: "I have had since the first day of December, an experiment going on between raw corn and meal made into good thick mush—

Two pigs of about one hundred weight each, have been eating seven pounds each of raw corn, per 24 hours; two others, of nearly the same size, have had exactly seven pounds of meal made into good mush, between them. These seven pounds of meal cooked into the state of good stiff mush, weigh from 25 to 30 lbs. I weighed the pigs according to the beginning, and again after the lapse of 16 days. At the second weighing, the two eating 14 lbs. of corn per day, had increased 17 lbs.; the two eating 7 lbs. of cooked meal per day, had increased 25 lbs. Here then, is a saving of one-half of the corn."

Many like experiments could be adduced in support of the greater economy of feeding the cooked than raw food, were proof called for—but we believe it is not—at least not by few. One thing in the feeding of swine is a "fixed fact," and as such generally recognized,—that a "good stiff mush" composed of Indian corn meal and potatoes or pumpkins, boiled, makes a very excellent food for fattening swine, and we very much doubt whether the advocates of the "raw material" can show proof that they have a more economical food for fattening than this. It is the *old process*—and though its antiquity does not prove its superiority, it seems to be one of those practices of our sires upon which their *sever* sons have not made any palpable improvement. [N. E. Farmer.]

A HORSE FORTY-TWO YEARS OLD.—This horse, owned by O. Mauran, of 72 Wall street, New York, is a great curiosity. Mr. Mauran states that he was born almost daily from Staten Island, and he can now travel a mile in less than four minutes. He is active, and eats hay as well as ever. The oldest horse on record in the British Museum was 52 years. This is believed to be the oldest horse in the U. S.

For the last five months, the American Bible Society has issued forty thousand copies per month. Bibles, neatly bound, are furnished by the Society, to such as purchase them, at 25 cents each, and Testaments at 6 cents each.

The immortal Jack Downing says—"There is nothing that greases the wheels of business, like newspaper advertising. Bear's he ain't no touch to it."

### The Harvest Moon.

Queen of the night—farewell!  
O'er fertile hill and dell,  
Rich plains, and river-wat'ered lands, thy light  
Smiled on the golden grain  
Of plume-like ear, and grain  
As glowing saffron, beaming topaz, bright!

Borne by the tolling steed,  
Of sturdy, northern breed,  
Lies the luxuriance of the vale, secure  
From wind and blustering rain,  
The farmer's hard-earned, hoarded grain—  
That hushes stores—makes Albion's strength endure.

Autumn, with sighing breath,  
Doth mourn her stolen wreath—  
Her glory parted from the overshadowed earth;  
But broader gleams shall gleam  
In Spring's ethereal beam,  
And softer gales and sweeter hours have birth.

And other lamps shall shine  
From Heaven's suppliant shrine,  
But none as thine so gloriously bright,  
Till long—long months have past,  
And Plenty's, its corn after sun-setting, and  
And echoes wake to harpings of delight!

Then Queen of night—farewell!  
O'er barren hill and dell,  
Bare plains, and river-wat'ered lands, thy ray  
Quivers—as fading fast—  
Mourning the joyous past;  
The last sweet strains of Song's expiring wail!

As there is an erroneous opinion prevailing amongst many persons unacquainted with astronomy, who are in the habit of denouncing that the Harvest Moon which occurs at the time of harvest, let happen when it may, the following may not prove unacceptable to such of our readers. The moon during the week in which she is full, about the time of harvest, rises soon after sun-setting, and with less difference between the times of two successive risings than she does in any other full moon week in the year. By these means she affords an almost immediate supply of light after sunset, which is very beneficial for gathering in the harvest and fruits of the earth; hence this full moon is distinguished from all others in the year, by the appellation of the Harvest Moon. To conceive the reason of this, it may first be considered that the moon is always opposite to the sun, when she is in full; that she is full in the signs *Pisces* and *Aries*, in our harvest months, those being the signs opposite to *Virgo* and *Libra*, the signs occupied by the sun in that season; and that those parts of the ellipse (in which the moon then is) rise from the horizon in northern latitudes, in a smaller angle, and of course, equal spaces, in shorter intervals of time than any other points, as may be easily shown by the celestial globe; consequently, since the moon's orbit deviates not much from the ecliptic, she rises with less difference of time, and more immediately after sunset about harvest, than when she is full at other seasons of the year. The sun enters *Libra* on September 23, and the full moon which is nearest that day is, properly speaking, the Harvest Moon. [Selected.]

### Lightning Rods.

I will consider the several queries proposed in your favor of August 30th, in order.

1. "Do the square rods possess any superiority over the round ones as conductors of electricity?"

Faraday, one of the best authorities on electricity, asserts that the conducting power of a rod is proportional to its mass, or quantity of matter and not to its surface; and the same doctrine is assumed by an English writer, in "Sturgeon's Annals of Electricity." It is admitted that the fluid



## The Reconciliation.

### A Scene in Major Jones's Courtship.

Major Jones is a Georgia Major, and in love with a Georgia girl. His letters to the editor give some capital descriptions of the progress of love in his heart—the hopes, and fears, and doubts, and shadows that too often cloud it, and the fervent anticipations of a happy wedding. For some time previous to writing the following letter, he had been in the dumps. A travelling pedagogue, named Crockett, had visited Miss Mary, the Major's sweetheart; and in consequence of genteel dress, a few gilt extras, and a tall tale about his father's wealth and his own expectations, had got the girl to court and loving him pretty smartly, greatly to the exclusion and mortification of Major Jones. Crockett, however, was soon found out to be a rascal in the disguise of a wealthy man, and had been published in the newspapers as a swindler.—The advertisement immediately caused Crockett to be dropped by the very respectable people who always respected every body, no matter who they were, who have got money, no odds by what accident or rascality they got it, and who have not yet been publicly branded. Major Jones had stopped visiting Miss Mary entirely, as many others troubled with the affection of the heart called love, frequently do when their love is most true and fervent. Miss Mary's mother, however, brought every thing right, as kind hearted old folks always can do, and Miss Mary herself has soothed the Major into all his former dreams of happiness and her. We wish them good luck and a speedy wedding, and congratulate every body, every where, on the fact that Pineville, Georgia, is the only place where men of sense and merit are ever thought of being cast aside in the hope of getting some poor popinjay whose only merit is money and fine clothes, or a profession which enable him to live by his wit rather than by honest labour. May all cases like the Major's have speedily a like happy ending.

PINEVILLE, Dec. 5th, 1842.

To Mr. THOMPSON—Dear Sir:—I do believe last week was the longest one ever was. It seemed to me the axle-tree of the world wanted greasing, or something or other was out of fix, for it didn't seem to turn round half so fast as it used to. The days was as long as the weeks ought to be, and the nights hadn't no end to 'em. Some how or other I couldn't sleep o' nites nor eat nothin', and I don't know what upon yearth was the matter with me; I thought it was the dispepsy, which you know makes people have mighty low spirits. Cousin Pete thought he was monstrous smart, and went all round town and told every body that my symptoms was very bad, and said he was gwine to put a strengthenin' plaster made out o' Burgey pitch, on my breast, to keep my hart from brakin'. I know what he thought, but if he sposed I was gwine to make a fool o' myself 'bout Mary Stallions, he's jest as much mistaken as he was when he tuck the show man for Tom Peters, from the Cracker's Neck. I did feel sort o' vexed 'bout the way she tuck up with Crockett, but then she was so much disappointed when he turned out to be a runaway barber, that I couldn't help feelin' sorry for her. It's a monstrous curious feeling when any body tries to hate somebody that they can't help likin'. The more one tries to spite 'em the worse he feels his self. But I was determined to hold out, and if she hadn't come to, I—I—fact is, I don't know what I should a done, for it was monstrous tryin', that's a fact.

But it's all over now, and every thing's jest as strait as a fish-hook. Old Miss Stallions was over to our house to take tea along of mother, one evenin' last week. She and mother talked it all over 'bout Crockett and Miss Mary to themselves, and when I went to see her home, she didn't talk of nothin' else all the way.

"Domination take the retch," sez the old woman, "to run away from his wife and children, the fiddlin' wagabone, and come out here a tryin' to ruinate soon poor innocent gal by marryin' 'em, when he's got a wife to home! He ought to be sent to the Penitentiary, so he ought."

"Zactly so, Miss Stallions," sez I; "but he was mity popler among the gals—some of 'em was almost crazy after him."

"I know they was, Joseph, I know they was, and now they want to turn it all on my daughter Mary, when, laws knows the child couldn't bear the creter, only for perlitence."

"Yes, but," sez I, "she went to church with him, you know, and he was to your house every nite when I was thar, talkin' to her."

"That was only for perlitence, Joseph. That's what she larnt down to the Female College," sez she. "If a gentleman comes to see a lady, she must be perlit to him, whoever he is."

Cuss such perlitence as that, thinks I. "And 'tain't no matter if she despises him off the face of the yearth, she must talk and smile to him jest like she liked him ever so much."

"But Miss Mary looked like she thought a heap of Crockett," sez I.

"It was all dectate, Joseph, all dectate and perlitence," sez she. "That's the way with the gals now-a-days, Joseph, and you musent mind 'em. It didn't used to be so when I and your mother was gals. I'll warrant it Crockett didn't come 'bout us if we didn't like their company, and we had to know all 'bout 'em 'fore we keep company with any body."

"'Taint so now, though, Miss Stallions," sez I—and I believe I sort o' drew a long breath. "It's very different now. If a chap only comes from the North, or sum place away out o' creashun, and is got a crop o' hair and whiskers that would make a saddle pad, and is got a coat different from every body else, and a thunderin' great big gold chain about his neck, no matter if he stole 'em, he's the poplerest man among ladies; and old acquaintances, who has been raised right along side of 'em, don't stand no sort o' chance."

"Not all the gals nite so Joseph—my gals haint no sich fool notions in ther heads, I'll sure you."

By this time we were right up snug to the door.

"Come in, Joseph," sez she.

"No, thank you, Miss Stallions," sez I, "I believe I'll go home."

"Oh, come in child, and set awhile with the gals—they's pullin' 'lasses candy in the parlor."

"I was kind o' hesitin', when I heard Miss Mary's voice say."

"Never mind, mother, I spose he's mad at me."

"I couldn't stand that no more'n a gum stump could a clap of thunder. I hadn't heard that

voice for more'n a week, and it did sound so inticin'." It made me feel sort o' trembly all over. My face felt red as a pepper-pod, and my ears burnt like they was frost-bit. When I went into the room, Miss Mary turned round with one of her witchiest smiles, with her hair all fallen over her rosy cheeks, lookin' sweeter than the lasses candy what she had in her hand, and said,

"Are you mad at me, Major?"

"I never was so tuck all aback—my throte felt like I'd swallowed a bundle of fodder, and I couldn't speak to save me. I don't know what would took place if it hadn't been for ole Miss Stallions."

"Oh, no, Joseph nite mad with you, child. There never was a quarrel between the Stallions and the Joneses, honey, and we've lived neighbors these twenty years."

"What made you think I was mad with you, Miss Mary," sez I. Then I kind o' stopped a little and cleared my throte. "You know I never could be mad with you."

"I thought you was," sez she, "cause you didn't come to see us any more sense that nite that mean old Crockett was here."

When she said that, I do think she looked handsomer than ever she did, and she always looks jest like that beautiful gal what's settin' by the branch in the moonlight at the head of the "Miscellany." We was all settin' by the parlor fire, and the gals was pullin' lasses candy. Miss Ca'line ax'd me if I wouldn't pull some. I felt so queer I didn't think 'bout nothin' but Miss Mary, who was pullin' a grate big piece, rite close to me.

"Take some, Major," sez she, "and pull it for me, and I'll give you this when it's done;" and she kind o' looked sideways at me.

"Well I know it'll be mighty sweet," sez I, "just as I was gwine to take up some out of the dish."

"Take care, Major," sez she, "it's dredful hot. What's the spoon, Cloe," sez she, as she was pullin' away as hard as she could at a grate big bite rope of lasses.

"Oh, never mind," sez I, and in goes my fingers into the almost bilin hot lasses.

"Egh!" sez I, and I pulled 'em out quicker'n lightning.

"My lord," sez Miss Kesiah, "if the Major hant burnt his fingers dredful. That lasses is rite out o' the pot, I know. Hant you got no better sense Cloe?"

"I could help dancin a little and grindin' my teeth, and singin my fingers, but I didn't say nothin' loud."

"Well, Miss Ca'line tell me bring sum more from de kitchen, sez the cussed nigger."

"Oh dear!" sez Miss Mary, "I'm sorry. Did you get much on your fingers Major?"

"The tears was runnin out o' my eyes, but I didn't want to let on, for fear it would make her feel bad."

"O, no, not much. It ant very bad," sez I, and the first thing I knowed my trousers was all plastered over with it what I rubbed it off 'em, it burnt so afired bad."

They made ole Cloe git a basin of water to wash the lasses off, and ole Miss Stallions got some soft soap to draw the fire out, and after a while I sot down with the gals to eat candy and talk about Crockett. I tell you what, I had the game all my own way this time. I hinted to Miss Mary that I was sort o' afraid Crockett was gwine to cut me out, and that I was a leetle jealous at first, and she hinted to me that I ought to knowed better than that and that I oughtn't to expect her to show her feelins for no plainer than she had done afore, and that she only tuck a little notice of Crockett, jest to try me, to see if I did think any thing of her.

My pen wont begin to tell my feelings. I never felt so full of talk before the gals afore in my life, and I think in one of two more heats, (I don't mean the hot lasses) I'll be able to come to the pint. I know I'm jest as good for ole Miss Stallions consent as a thrip is for a ginger cake; and if Miss Mary nite fool in (you know these gals is mighty uncertain) I think I won't have no difficulty in bringin' all things, as I want 'em. No more from

Your friend till death,

JOSEPH JONES.

P. S. I wish you could come down to Pineville to Crismus. I don't think I'll get married so soon as that, but we're gwine to have grand flower doins down here, then I've got some gobbles so fat that the feathers wont hardly stick in 'em of a warm day. We're gwine to have one of 'em for dinner, and the Stallions is all gwine to take dinner with us. My fingers is better, but they is boninable sore yet, so you must excuse bad spellin' and bad writin' this time.

A GOOD ANECDOTE of a Mormon preacher is related by a correspondent of the N. O. Picayune as follows: "A few days since, at New Bedford one of the apostles sent forth to promulgate the faith of the Latter Day Saints, advertised that he would give an evening lecture, 'free gratis for nothing,' and earnestly called upon the good citizens to attend. He procured a suitable room, had it well lighted, and when the time came found himself surrounded with some thirty or forty listeners. After a somewhat lengthy harangue, in which he set forth the rise, progress and onward march of the true Mormon church, he finally finished; but just as the congregation were rising to depart, he checked them for a moment with the remark that he hoped they would contribute enough to pay for the lighting of the room, which only amounted to the paltry sum of six dollars. A hat was carried round by an assistant apostle, and after circling round the room was returned, with its contents of pice and pennies, to the follower of Joe Smith. Slowly he turned the hat over upon his desk, deliberately he counted the change—two dollars and twenty-five cents was the entire sum. The apostle looked about him.

"My hearers," said he, with a small earthquake of smothered indignation in his looks—

"My hearers, the expenses of the room are six dollars—the entire receipts are two dollars and twenty-five cents, and not the first red cent more! Now, I told you, in the first place, that my own services were gratuitous. I charge nothing for preaching, but I'll see this generation eternally d—d before I'll find lights!"

SIMPLE CURE FOR CROUP. We find in the Journal of Health the following simple remedy for this dangerous disease. Those who have passed nights of almost agony at the bedside of loved children, will treasure it up as an invaluable piece of information. If a child is taken with the croup, instantly apply cold water, ice water if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge—the breathing will almost instantly be relieved; so soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can, then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medicinal qualities.

## MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1844.

### Lay Sermons to Lay Hearers.

BY A LAY-XY PREACHER.

No. 3.

TEXT.—"Let every one take care of himself, as the Jackass said when he clawed among the Chickens."—ROCKBACK.

I am aware my friends that the paternity of my text is just now in dispute among the sage ones of the world. The immortal Rockback, like Junius and Ossian, is to be a debateable name, and to serve hereafter as a theme for all the snooty writers between this and Hornby. No matter. If we can't identify the veritable Jackass who first uttered the expressive words we have selected, we every day see enough of them who echo and re-echo it in thought, word and deed. It is the favorite maxim of the day. It is the chart and compass and guiding star of nine-tenths of mankind. Look out for number one. Ah! that's it. "If every one takes care of number one every one will be taken care of."

Was ever any thing more true? What a plain matter of fact argument, so perfectly comprehensible to the weakest intellect, and so full of profound truth that the greatest mind can find no chance to gainsay it. How practical too, and how faithfully practiced! Look around you—no matter whereabouts in society you are—you needn't stop to ask whether it is high or low, you'll see it if you only look up. You will see some tall Jackass clawing among the chickens, and at every kick of his hoof, which knocks over or hits a weak member of the flock, that dares to jeop out a complaint or remonstrance, you will see him look it if he don't say it, "let every one take care of himself." Well, sure enough, what should a man do? What in the world was he sent here for if he don't take care of himself? Is he to loaf and yaw away his time, and then come in for a share of the fruits which industry has reared? Is he to stroll about the earth, plucking here and eating there, and waxing fat on dainties that he never earned, or harvesting that he never sowed for? Surely not. But can't he toil diligently, and live frugally, and save prudently, and not be a Jackass? Can't he allow the chickens some part of the range of God's world? and when he sees a fellow being, a brother Donkey it may be, who has not been blessed with quite so much "gumption" or so much *sence* as he has, or who has met with unavoidable misfortunes, who has suffered by sickness, by flood or by fire, or even if he should see one who has played the fool in the spring time of life, and is now in the winter of his days, reaping the reward of his misconduct, can't he have a little of the milk of human kindness about him, and impart something that will relieve, or cheer up or encourage him? Or must he bow down to the universal custom of the world, and shake his head and flap his ears, and turn his back, as he brays out with the conscious pride of the Jackass among the chickens, "let every one take care of himself?"

Oh, no, no, that's not the way to live. "The poor ye have always among ye," is a solemn truth; but then as an offset to this, as a consolation to you, I would have you remember, "ye have always among ye something for the poor." There is always something, a kind word, a kind look, a hand to lift up instead of knocking down. You needn't play the priest or the Levite when you see your brother has fallen among the thieves of this world, and is suffering in body, in property, or in character, you can go over to that side of the road and see that there is fair play at any rate. Or if the deed is done, and the villains have fled, and you are not so well off as the good Samaritan was, and have neither a beast to lay him on to carry him to the tavern, nor two pence in your pocket to pay his fare, nor strength enough of your own to shoulder him, you can at least stand by him and keep the flies and the blood-suckers, and the dogs, and the wolves of the world, from worrying and tormenting him. You can speak pleasantly to him, and tell him to rouse up; you can alay his bump of combativeness, and excite his bumps of hope and fortitude, and you can coax others to come to your aid; all this you can do. And is it not a much more common sense way, to say nothing of the christianity of it, than it is to wrap yourself in the garments of selfishness, hugging your darling self in your arms, and very complacently exclaim like the Jackass, prancing in the hen coop, "let every one take care of himself?"

There is an old poet who hath said,

"God never made an independent man,  
"Would mar the concord of the general plan."

No, my friends, God made us to live together in peace, and harmony, and social intercourse, helping each other, and being helped. Every one should have some regard to others while he is taking care of himself, and while he is lying up against a "rainy day," he should consider that it is not for himself alone that he does this, but that in all probability others may need a little of his surplus and aid, and that he too may need something from his neighbor, some congratulations or encouragements in health, some help in sickness, some solace in grief.

So we beseech, warn, and notify you not to narrow your views and your operations to number one, but remember that while you remain in the mortal live, in helping yourself you must help one another.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The King of France has hit upon a good expedient to do good by a national fete. He had a temporary palace built, and invited the mechanics and manufacturers to exhibit specimens of their workmanship, and to compete for prizes. It is said that more than two hundred thousand strangers visited Paris to witness the exhibition, and to view the ceremony of distributing the prizes. The king stood in his throne five hours, distributing the medals and prizes to the successful competitors. On some he conferred the admittance to the legion of honor, to some gold and silver medals, and to some, diplomas, &c. How different, and how much more useful are such exhibitions, than such as the crowned heads used to encourage in olden times, in the days called days of chivalry. When the tilt and the tournament was the chief delight of the court, and the people, and the honors and prizes were given to the men who would fight the best. Verily this is beating the sword into ploughshares to some purpose, and we hope it will break up the fallow ground of feudal aristocracy, and be the means of encouraging equal rights, by elevating and improving the workmen of the nation.

SHAWLS.—The New York Journal of Commerce says that at a sale of real India shawls in that city, a few days since, several sold as high as \$650 and \$500; others at \$400, \$300, &c. Cheap enough for those able to wear them.

## Grey Squirrels.

These lively little inhabitants of the wood are much wiser than people generally believe them to be, and not only understand the science of sailing on the tops of the forest trees at no mean velocity, but also know how to cross large bodies of water without being to the trouble and labor of propelling themselves by their own physical machinery. A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, writing from the borders of Lake Champlain, gives an instance of the mode adopted by these fellows to sail o'er the water, which confirms a statement made by Dr. Morse in his well known geography, and which has by some been regarded as fabulous. He says: "A word on the instinct of squirrels here. When they wish to move from one island to the other, they watch the wind till it blows in the right direction, and then you will see them in dozens coming to the beach, each with a large piece of bark in his mouth, which he launches, and then jumping on board, turns up his tail for a sail, and over he goes to the port of his destination. I might have shot them while making sail, but it looked to me as something almost wicked." Thoughtful and well disposed man. We reckon our squirrel eating epicures would hardly forego a similar opportunity for taking the lives of these grey little "varmints," whose flesh is considered by them a little better than any thing that runs. It is delicious, that's a fact. Red squirrels are also good eating, but they are so small that it takes quite a number to satiate the cravings of an empty maw. We once knew an old bachelor apothecary, who boarded himself, and made the principal part of his meals of squirrel flesh during the summer and fall months. He was out in the forest every morning by the crack of day, and generally returned well laden with his favorite meat. He was a first rate marksman, and used the rifle and the ball instead of the fowlingpiece and shot, as he did not wish to mangle the bodies of his victims.

Take care of your Chimneys.

Says the New Bedford Bulletin, and adds that "it is a fact that the krescote created by burning wood in an air-tight stove, will destroy the chimney by decomposing the mortar with which the bricks are cemented together. The krescote acts upon the lime of the mortar and entirely changes its nature." The editor further states that he has "seen chimneys which have been ruined by these stoves; and in some instances where the chimney came in contact with the outer wall of the house, the bricks have fallen out, making a hole through both chimney and wall." We have heard of one similar instance in this town, where an air-tight was used last winter. If such be the effect of these stoves, and we are inclined to think it correct, there will be but few sound chimneys in a short time, as air-tights are "all the rage." Cooking stoves of this stamp have lately come out, which are "cracked up to the nines," and are said to be a little better than any others heretofore invented. We see them advertised for sale by the stove dealers in this village, and those who have purchased give them the preference to all others, as they say the ovens are better, being larger. "A new broom sweeps clean," is the old adage, and we suppose a new stove must cook best.

Come Again.

"The Rover," which is indeed a rover, and which has not roved this way for some time past, has again come among us, looking as trim and neat as ever, and well loaded with the golden fruits of the literary gardens of the world. As our readers are already aware, this Weekly Magazine is conducted by SEBA SMITH, Esq., the famous Major Jack Downing, who formerly resided in Portland, and for some time edited a paper in that city. Each number of the Rover is embellished with a steel plate engraving, and the one before us contains a splendid plate of St. Peter's Church at Rome, which is worth five times the cost of the number. It is published by S. B. DEAN & CO., 162 Nassau street, New York, and sent to subscribers at the low price of three dollars per annum, in advance. If you wish to subscribe for the Rover, just roll up a three dollar bill, step into the Post Office and ask the P. M. to send it along, who will do it with pleasure, and free of expense.

A word for your ear, Major. If you intend to favor us with an exchange, just send the Rover regularly, or not at all. Our reason for this: It's only an aggravation to receive it now and then; and when it does come, it makes us *judgity* to think it don't come oftener; therefore we had rather not have it at all, than once in a dog's age.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Thursday of last week, while several lads were playing, in this village, Edward S. Child, aged about ten years, only son of the late Elisha Child, accidentally fell, (what distance we know not), and received an injury on the temple which caused his death on the day following. We learn that he was an amiable and promising boy, who bid fair to be the comfort and protector of his widowed mother and bereaved sisters, and an ornament to society. How truly hath it been said of Death, that—

"Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at risk—but then art not of those  
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey."

THE INDIANS MAKING TROUBLE.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 20th ult., learns by a passenger who arrived in that city from Shreveport per steamboat, that the Indians in the neighborhood of Fort Osage had risen, and were in a state of open hostility with the whites of that region, whose position had become so alarming that an express messenger was sent to Fort Jesup for a force of three companies of United States troops to quell the warriors of the forest.

SUICIDE is becoming quite fashionable these days, and many are the plans hit upon to destroy life. The latest we have noticed, and one which proved effectual, and no doubt gave entire satisfaction, is the following from an exchange paper: "An inhabitant of St. Denis committed suicide lately by filling an egg-shell with gunpowder, placing it in his mouth, and then exploding it with the lighted end of a cigar."

MORE SNOW.—The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier says that on Sunday night of last week, snow fell to the depth of ten to twelve inches on the level in that region. We, away up east here, have had but a few flakes of snow as yet, and those on Tuesday morning last; but we hope, for the benefit of the sleigh-riding community and the advancement of the cause of matrimony, to be favored with a sufficient quantity prior to Thanksgiving day.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.—The burning of the theatre in Providence, on the 24th ult. came nearer the consummation of Parson Miller's calculation than any thing else we have heard of.—The Great Planetarium of Russel, owned by Haswell & Robinson, and which explained on a magnificent scale, the whole planetary system with its motions and relative positions of the several bodies, was totally destroyed.

The paintings and diagrams and other machinery by which the Rev. Dyonisius Lardner, L. L. D., of wife stealing memory, has been astonishing and delighting the guidance with a mimic display of the "works of nature" was totally consumed.—This loss was about \$1500. Several worlds come to an end in this conflagration. Nothing "went up" but smoke.

GOING A VISITING.—The King of the French is paying a visit to Queen Victoria, and that somebody might be glad about it he has liberated a lot of State prisoners, that were shut up and kept in "durance vile" for some political sine. What a fuss these Kings and Queens make when they take a start. Queen Vic lately made a visit to Scotland—put on a Highland plaid, and rode a pony among the mountains, and all the papers in England trumpeted the occurrence forth as some great event, and the dats are now all dressed in Highland plaids. Many thousands of honest people have for years rode ponies over the Highlands and worn plaids, and nobody was astonished at it, or thought they must dress like them.

EARTHQUAKE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—On Tuesday morning, 22d ult., quite a shock of an earthquake was experienced in the towns of Alden, Albion, Alexander, Attica, Batavia, Bethany, Darien, and Elba, N. Y. A person of Albion says that while breakfasting, something appeared to strike the side of the house, shaking the whole building. A deep rumbling noise followed, and past off to the northeast. A brick house was cracked through the centre. In Batavia the shock lasted about two seconds; in Elba a gentleman estimates its duration at half a minute, and of sufficient power to jar open doors. It will be remembered this was the day set apart for hit upon by the Millers for the final burst up and wind up of the universe, and it is said that in the towns where this shock was experienced, these deluded men thought the time had surely come, and fell on their knees instead of "going up."

MILLERISM.—The Christian Citizen, published at Worcester, Mass., states the melancholy fact that ten or twelve of the victims of this humbug have been committed to the Lunatic Hospital, in that town, within a few days past.

The New Hampshire Patriot records the death of Moses Clark, a well informed man and a Representative to the State Legislature, who fell into the Miller delusion, and committed suicide.

BURIED ALIVE.—On the 30th ultimo, a man by the name of Thomas Glossair, of Lewisport, Ky., was buried forty-five feet under ground by the falling in of a well. The body was found after several days' digging. A man by the name of Armstrong met with a like death on Wednesday morning of last week, near Baltimore, Md. He was covered so deep that several men were engaged until four o'clock P. M. before he was recovered from the earth.

FIRE AT NORTH DIXMONT.—By a letter received at this office from the Post Master of North Dixmont village, we learn that, on the morning of the 30th ultimo, a saw-mill, belonging to Frederick A. Butman, was destroyed by fire, and also a shingle machine, the property of Calvin H. Whitney. The letter does not state by what means the building took fire.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We see it stated in the papers that a lady in the State of Alabama, recently had three fine and healthy children at one birth. This is a pretty good yield; indeed, all crops have been first rate this year. The best of the joke however is this: the father of the children, being a Democrat, named one boy after Mr. Polk, the other after Mr. Dallas, and called the daughter Texas!

For the Maine Farmer.

CONVERSATION.

We have shown it, as we think, sufficiently plain to all, that it is a matter of great importance to converse well; but many will be ready to say, "I am not able to talk well, and it is no use for me to try, I might just as well go on without thought or object, and say what comes first into my mind, for if I make the slightest effort I only embarrass myself, and appear like a simpleton. It is true, any one who is making an effort to do any thing out of his power will exhibit himself in a ridiculous position, and the great cause of failure in conversation, when an effort is made to talk well, is that too much is attempted. A person imperfectly acquainted with French might attempt to converse in that language, but it would undoubtedly appear quite ludicrous to a Frenchman. So if a person undertakes to write very learnedly who has but little learning, or if he assumes any character for the purpose of showing off, he will be likely to make himself ridiculous; we may therefore derive one rule which will assist us, and that is, always to avoid affectation. Nothing so puts a damper on all conversation as to meet with one affected with this malady, who can not speak with plainness and sincerity, but the half formed accents of affectation dwell on the tongue. The superabundance of self love cannot manifest itself any more readily than in producing an affected manner, and as most individuals are possessed with a sufficient quantity of this moving principle, it is a very common complaint that there is too much of affectation to have agreeable and profitable conversation.

Egotism is another hindrance. Let the disposition only be manifest to exalt the first person singular, and it will have a chilling effect on all around, unless some truly benevolent person shall give the poor unfortunate, who is afflicted with this disease of having an exalted opinion of himself, an opportunity to show off his accomplishments, or some way may be present to lead him into ridicule through his vanity.

Opposed to this, is that true benevolence, that sincere desire of promoting the real happiness of those around us; that self forgetfulness which makes the company of any one pleasant. If this real benevolence which leads us to sympathize with those around, and of which, politeness is the expression, be joined with good sense and extensive information, it will constitute any one a good companion, and will render their conversation pleasant.

But if in addition to this there is a delicacy of taste and pureness of sentiment, with a sincere desire to do good, it will give the individual possessing such qualities, the power, not only to please, but to be useful. Conversation may be dull and unimportant although the sentiments, in themselves, are all good and correctly expressed, for they may not be appropriate to the situation of those to whom they are addressed. Christianity teaches us to exercise a true, benevolent sympathy; to mourn with those that mourn, and rejoice with those that rejoice. As the divided river flows speedily its waters by evaporation, while united flames burn with greater brightness, so the tears for sorrow, shared by many hearts, are soon driven away, while joy communicated to others, increases in intensity. Conversation that expresses a kind sympathy with others, is not in vain, for it increases pleasure and lessens the amount of grief.

But it is necessary, not only to attend to the spirit that shall animate our conversation, but also to its outward form. Noble sentiments should be beautifully expressed—and when kindness reigns in the heart, and propriety rules the tongue, then are words "fitly spoken," which are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver. Nor can the pernicious habit of using phrases of double import, where an indelicate thought lies concealed, be too strongly blamed; it is a meanness which admits of no excuse—to utter sentiments from which a virtuous soul would recoil, in the language of innocence. Let the impure thought be plainly expressed, and it would be rejected at once, but if clothed in the garb of virtue it may be received into the unsuspecting heart. Conversation is the picture of the mind, and he who expresses indelicate thoughts by inuendo, shows that his heart is a mass of impurity, scarcely concealed by a decent exterior.

Discretion is better than eloquence; and to please those with whom we converse, is more important than to dazzle them with a display of shining abilities. But we should strive to please them only for their edification. Conversation should be adapted to the company we are in; but so adapted as to elevate and instruct, not to degrade. What a fine compliment is paid to ladies, when all rational conversation is suspended on their approach, and a rattle of unmeaning compliments, frivolity, and gaiety take the place of every thing instructive and agreeable. How unlike the great object for which speech was given is this employment of the powers of the mind. Conversation might be a source of continual enjoyment, "a perpetual banquet of nectared sweets, where no rude surfeit reigns," if we gave proper heed to our words.

N. Kent's Hill.

THE GALE AT HAVANA AND MATANZAS.—In all the country about Havana, the storm of the 4th was terrible. In San Antonio de Batabano the great tower of the church are ruined. It is said that three or four lives are lost—one of them, a youth of 12 years, crushed by the falling walls. In the district or county of Canoa, several leagues from Havana, the hurricane has made great destruction of houses, windows and trees. The town of Wajay is wholly blown down, excepting the church, the quarter, and three stores, in which the neighbors took refuge.—The town consisted of 12 houses, some of stone but most of wood and plaster.

On the coffee estate Destino, the negro houses have disappeared, and the main dwelling is much shattered. On Columbo estate the houses are ruined, and not a plantain tree, or fruit of any kind is left. From Santiago de las Vegas they write that the tempestuous winds swept death and destruction for the space of 14 hours, beginning at 9 P. M. of the 4th, and throwing to considerable distance doors, windows, balconies, pilasters of the churches, door windows and shutters of the colleges, barracks and court house; and in private dwellings throwing down walls, unroofing buildings, &c. &c. At every four corners of a square the winds formed whirlwinds and tore up trees by their roots and branches. The loss of life in this district was only one.

In the small town of San Antonio Chiquito scarcely a house stands; on the estate of Misericordia, all was thrown down, killing three negroes and wounding six others.

On the coffee estate of Candelaria, 9 miles from Batabano, the hurricane was felt with as great force as in Havana. All the houses of ordinary construction, and many of stone and mortar, are down. The dwellings have suffered much. The winds have thrown all down, except the coffee bushes, and these are much injured.

In fact the destruction for some 80 miles around Havana is almost perfect.

The damage to the town of Matanzas is incalculable. The river rose, and each side of the town was under water. Cardenas is wholly destroyed.

LATER FROM NASSAU, N. P.—By the arrival of the brig Topaz, Capt. Maybee, in five days from Nassau, we last evening received our files of the Royal Gazette, to the 10th inst.

The American brig Ventrosa, Brewer master, of Boston, from whence she sailed for Matanzas, with a cargo of lard, glassware, hds. and boxes, shoos, &c., was totally wrecked at the Bimani, on the morning of Sunday, the 6th inst. The master and crew, with the more valuable part of the cargo, in a damaged state have arrived at this port.

Schr. Harvest, of Hingham, Mass., Seth Kelly master, from Boston to Mobile, with a cargo of slate and hay, was abandoned near Riding Rocks; the crew reached the shore in the boat. Nothing has been saved from her.

Brig Pantheon, McFales master, from Thomaston, with a cargo of Lime, bound to New Orleans, encountered the gale on the 6th inst., when after losing all her sails, she took fire, and was run on shore at Gotha Bay, when she burnt down







## Poetry.

From the Rover.

### Knowing Folks.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

How wondrous wise some people are!  
How vast their knowledge is!  
They know the sun is not a star,  
Nor the moon a piece of cheese.

They're very sure society  
Consists of various sects,  
And know that causes oftentimes  
Are followed by effects.

They're one with strange theories  
Of sciences occult,  
And know a process must be tried  
To come to a result.

They tell you with a look profound—  
Of course you must believe—  
That often, in these wicked times,  
Appearances deceive.

They think consistency should mark  
The ways of those who teach;  
And think—as who does not?—they should  
Practice as well as preach.

They likewise have found out that he  
Who quotes much holy-writ,  
And wears a face as long as your arm,  
May be a hypocrite.

They know—good Heaven! what don't they know?  
That honesty is rare;  
That virtue is not always found  
In maidens who are fair.

In every matter, great or small,  
What wisdom they display;  
They'll swear, that, if the wind is right,  
'Twill be a rainy day.

And when a man in climbing falls  
And breaks his neck—what then?  
They know, as sure as eggs are eggs,  
He won't climb there again.

And when they hear a Yankee has  
Been killed in Greece or Rome,  
They don't doubt he'll be living still,  
If he had staid at home.

In short, they know quite everything  
That's sanctioned by the schools,  
Except one little thing—that  
Themselves are knowing folks.

New York, Oct. 1844.

### The Candid Wooing.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I cannot give thee all my heart,  
Lady, lady—  
My faith and country claim a part.

My sweet lady,  
But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine  
That all the rest is truly thine;  
The raving passion of a boy,  
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—  
Confide thou rather, in the man  
Who vows to love thee all he can.

My sweet lady,  
Affection, founded on respect,  
Can never dwindle to neglect,  
My sweet lady.

And while the gentle virtues live,  
Such is the love that I will give;  
The torrent leaves its channel dry,  
The brook runs on incessantly—  
The storm of passion lasts a day,  
But calm true love endures away.

My sweet lady,  
Accept, then, a divided heart,  
Lady, lady—  
Faith, Friendship, Honor, each have part.

My sweet lady,  
While at an altar I adore,  
Faith shall make me love the more;  
And Friendship true to all beside,  
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride;  
And Honor, based on love and truth,  
Shall last beyond the charms of youth.

My sweet lady.

## Miscellaneous.

### Aunt Patty at Home.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

You should have seen how warm and snug Aunt Patty's house looked in the winter; the cellar windows were all banked up, the barn levelled down with straw, and the barn itself so completely crammed, that tufts of hay and untrashed rye protruded through the crevices of the great folding-doors, and in some places seemed almost forcing the clapboards from their fastenings. It would have done your heart good to see the great golden and crimson ears of corn gleaming through the lattice work of the grain house! Then the fat and lazy cows, basking in the sun and chewing their cud so quietly and contentedly; it was a picture of comfort and thrift that you would have gone ten miles to see, provided you have a love for these things—which you have, of course, or you would fling Aunt Patty aside after the first sentence.

Half a dozen of our village girls made a kind of extemporaneous home with Aunt Patty. We spent almost every winter evening at her fireside, and it sometimes happened—I beg the reader to suppose it was pure accident always—that some three or four of the other sex would drop in and make themselves quite at home also. Of course, we were very much astonished at this coincidence of taste and circumstance, and when these strange things began to happen frequently, we became a little superstitious, and went again and again to be certain if there really was a destiny in it or not, a question that has not been thoroughly settled in my mind to this day.

One evening it was freezing cold, and just after we had assembled in the long kitchen which Aunt Patty used in winter as a sitting-room, a storm came up that precluded all hopes of masculine society that evening. The wind howled around the house like an animal eager for his prey; hail and snow rattled against the windows, while the fretful and half-moanings of the poplars as they complained to the rough elements, came distinctly to our ears.

But what cared we for the storm! There was a blazing pile of hickory crackling cheerfully in the great kitchen chimney, and a Japan tray filled with luscious apples stood on the hearth, the fruit mellowing in the warm fire-light.

Our joyous company sat around the huge chair, so completely filled by the good-natured old maid that a little of the oaken back alone could be seen rising like a half spread fan, above her broad shoulders. We all had our knitting-work, but only one or two were busy with it. Two of the girls were counting apple seeds and naming them for each other. One was standing up in front of the fire with a foot on the lower round of her chair, winding a skein of stocking-yarn which she had placed on the back, after tiring out a sweet tempered girl who had been holding it till her arms ached. Another, Lizzy Parks, the most mischievous, talkative, insinuating creature that you ever saw, sat on the dye-tub caressing

aunt Patty's cat, who erected her ears at every touch of that slender hand, and gave out a sleepy purr, which would have made a less excitable party drowsy to hear. Now and then Lizzy would steal a sly glance at us from under her long eyelashes, and then fall to caressing the cat again as demurely as the animal herself. We knew what was coming and waited the event, for when Lizzy Parks took to conciliating the old maid's favorite, it was a sure preliminary to some request, which was very likely to be refused, unless great tact and discretion were exercised in making it.

Aunt Patty had been watching these movements with a pleasant gleam of the eye, and a slight, eager curve of her plump lips that bespoke her interest in the object.

"There girls," exclaimed Lizzy, as Aunt Patty drew a deep breath; "pass round the apples once more, and then Aunt Patty will tell us about Mr. Smith she saw down in N. York. This is just the night for it. Everything snug and comfortable, and no danger of the young men dropping in to interrupt us."

Aunt Patty shook her head. "No, no, not to-night; the storm is enough to make one melancholy without talking of old times," she muttered.

"Dear Aunt Patty, there could not be a better time," we all exclaimed, "the storm is just the thing. It makes us enjoy the bright, warm fire a thousand times more than usual. Come, now, be good natured this once; you promised to give us this story about Mr. Smith, and we have waited a long time—remember that."

Still the old maid shook her head.

"Wait a minute," cried Lizzy, dextrously peeling an apple in a way that left the rind in her hand; "see, I will fling this over my head, if it falls in an S Aunt Patty shall tell us the story about her city lover, if it forms any other letter we will promise not to tease her: will you agree to this all of you?"

"Certainly," yes—yes," we exclaimed all at once, very willing to stand the test, for as both ends of the rind were curled opposite ways it was next to impossible that any letter except an S could be formed by it.

"And you, Aunt Patty," said Lizzy, holding up the crimson rind, and swinging it slowly round her head—"do you agree to it?"

"Yes," said Aunt Patty, innocently, "out of twenty-four letters I stand a good chance. If it comes an S I'll tell the story."

Before she had done speaking, Lizzy swung the apple skin over her head for the third time, and it dropped at Aunt Patty's feet, a perfect S, and a very pretty S.

"Now did you ever!" exclaimed the old maid, bending forward and gazing at the phenomena. "It beats all—who would a thought it!"

"There, I thought how it would be," said Lizzy, sententially, "come girls, let us take our knitting-work while Aunt Patty begins."

We sat down, gathered our work together, and in a few minutes there was no sound to interrupt Aunt Patty in her story save the click of our needles around the hearth, and the storm raging without.

"Well," commenced Aunt Patty, thrusting her needle in the crimson sheath at her side, and winding the yarn round her finger; "if you must hear it, the sooner it is over the better; but I never saw such a set of torments in my life—when you take such a thing into your heads there is no getting rid of you."

"Well, as I was saying, it was—let me see—yes, it was the very next summer after my visit to New York when par received a letter from young Mr. Smith, saying that his health had been delicate for some months, and if par would like it he thought of coming into Connecticut and making his home with us awhile."

"I could hardly breathe while par was reading the letter; when he got through and laid it among his old papers in the desk, I went and took it slyly away and read it over a thousand times before I went to bed. I slept with it in my bosom all that night, but instead of dreaming I lay awake till broad day thinking of him, and almost crazy with the hope of seeing him once more. I don't believe that I had been an hour without thinking of him since my return home, and yet it was with a sort of sorrowful feeling as if I had buried a friend; but now, when he was coming—when the paper his hand had touched lay against my heart—you needn't smile, girls, I wasn't half so fleshy as I am now—well, it seemed as if every line was playing over it like flashes of fire, and as if my heart never would beat regularly again. Did he come to see me? I kept asking myself that question every ten minutes for a fortnight."

"By and by another letter came—he would be at our house in a few days—I thought I should have died, it made me feel so dreadfully when the time drew near. I began to get anxious about the way we lived, and tried to persuade par into buying some new things for the house, but par was awful soft when he took a notion into his head, and says he, every time I mentioned the subject, says he—

"Patty, child, don't make a fool of yourself. The house is good enough for your mother and me, and I rather guess it will have to answer for our company. Besides that, Patty, if I were to spend all I'm worth on the old house, you could no more make it appear like cousin Smith's than you could make cheese of chalk. Act natural, Patty—act natural! and if you've a good heart and pretty tolerable common sense, there is no danger but the highest of them will respect you, and a great deal more than if you tried to be what you was never brought up to?"

"Well, par would not help me a mite, so I was obliged to get along as well as I could—we put out the dimity curtains to bleach for the bed in our spare room, and I took the skirt to Mar's wedding gown, whitened up and ruffled it round one of our smallest kitchen tables, and set it under the looking-glass, just as I'd seen one at cousin's Smith's. Louisa knit a new fringe for the window curtains, and without letting par know it I took this great china pitcher—standing here just now with the cider in it—and the punch bowl still in the cupboard yonder, and set them on a little table for Mr. Smith to wash in, for I was afraid he might think we had been brought up in the woods if he had to wash in the stoop and wipe on the roller towel with the work hands, every morning as we did. I cut off half the piece of hard soap from par's shaving box, tho' I knew he would make an awful noise when he found it out, and set it on the table in one of Mar's best saucers, and after I'd covered the table up with our finest home-spun towel it looked as well as new, I can tell you. We scrubbed the floor till it was white as snow, and when Louisa had fastened the curtains to her liking, filled the fire place with white pine

and wild honey suckle branches, and had woven a heap of asparagus all heavy with bright berries among the *curlicues* over the looking-glass, the chamber was nice enough for a king. I can tell you—there was not a speck of dirt from one end to the other, every thing was span clean, and as white as a half blown lily—but Louisa always put the finishing touch on every thing. While I was taking Mar up to see how we had fixed things, she went down into the garden and came in with her apron full of roses to put on the toilet, for that is the name they give the tables with white dresses down in York.

"Did I ever tell you how dreadfully handsome our Louisa was? That day she was all in white, her short gown was rather coarse, but she had worked a vine down the front and ruffled it all round. The weather was warm; and it was thrown open at the neck, while the sleeves only came to her elbow, not quite low enough to hide the dimples when she moved her arm. She had set down on the stairs to tie up her roses, and you could see the pink shadows floating over her round arms while she was sorting the flowers from her lap. She had a lot of them, I can tell you, and every time she shook up the folds of her dimity skirt, and shook the pile together, we could see her two little naked feet as white as her dress, except that they were just then a little rosy with the heat—for we did not wear stockings in the summer time in those days, and Louisa left her shoes down in the entry as she came in.

"Mar and I stood watching her over the bannisters when she heard the gate shut, and somebody coming up the door yard. Louisa did not seem to mind it at first, but all at once she started so quickly that half the roses went dancing down stairs; she lifted her foot to spring away, then seemed to remember for the first time that she had no shoes on, and sat down blushing all over, and almost crying. The front door was open, and there, as true as I live, stood young Mr. Smith, looking right straight at Louisa, and smiling as if he did not guess that she was only our help. I declare I trembled like a leaf, and it seemed as if I should drop when I run to my room and called Mar to help me to slick up a little."

"By-and-by, I went down, and there was Louisa sitting in the out-room with Mr. Smith as independent as could be. She had contrived to get her shoes on; but she kept changing color as if something was the matter of her yet."

"I felt awfully. What would Mr. Smith think at the idea of sitting there in our out-room so sociably when he came to find out that Louisa was only our help. I could have fainted away right there just as well as not. Mr. Smith seemed glad to see me. He shook hands with Mar and kissed me right before her. You can't think how frightened I was. It seemed as if I should blush myself to death; and there sat Louisa, blushing too, I don't know what for, it was no concern of her's!"

"It was getting near dinner time, and we had nothing cooked but hashed fish and an Indian pudding, for par had gone off to the upper farm with his work hands, and we had nothing but a picked up dinner. There was one work hand near the house, a clever creature as ever lived, that hung about and did chores for us all the year round. While Mar was talking with Mr. Smith I went out—Louisa, she followed me, and then I up and told her a piece of my mind, about her setting down to entertain my company. 'Now,' says I, 'Miss Louisa, it is high time that you should learn to know your place. Hired help never think of setting down in the room with company, or even at the table in York,' says I, 'and there is no sense in your setting yourself up to be better than the rest of them.'"

"Louisa turned pale, and I saw the tears filling her soft eyes; but they didn't seem to touch my feelings just then, and says I, 'now, while Mr. Smith is here, you can eat with the work folks, and if we want anything you can run in to help us to it, and then go away again.'"

"You have always been kind to me, Patty," says she, shutting up her eyelids to break up the tears that were just falling—I did not expect this, but if you insist on it I will not complain!"

"I began to feel sorry for her, and says I—'Well, I don't want to be hard with you, only just stay in the kitchen and see to things—perhaps Mike will wait on the table and it is more genteel to have a man after all.'"

"So out I went to find Mike; he was swinging flax in the barn yard. When I told him what I wanted he sat down on the flax break and wiped his forehead with his sleeves, and seemed loth to speak out. By and by says he—

"Well, Patty, I was not born to be a servant to servants, or a slave to any one; but seeing as it's you, I'll come in and give you a helping hand."

"So, rolling down his sleeves, he shook the dirt from his clothes, and went round to the well to wash up."

"Louisa had set the table in the out-room; the cloth was like a sheet of snow, and every thing looked nice as when she put it on the table. But I could see that she felt bad yet. Her eyes were heavy with tears, and soon I could see her lips tremble—but I kept saying to my heart, what business has she to set herself up? She ought to know her place, and so I let her pass back and forth without saying a word about anything but the work."

"Before we sat down to dinner, I went out to see if Mike was ready. He had his jacket on and had washed himself, head and all, till his long hair lay smoothly over his forehead down to his eyes, and water was dropping from the ends every minute."

"Now," says I, 'Mike remember and stand behind Mr. Smith's chair, put every thing on his plate, and when he stops eating take it away to the corner cupboard and bring a clean one.'"

"Just so," says Mike.

"Now do be careful," says I, turning back, 'try and be genteel this once, and I'll give you a double-bladed knife the first time we send butter and eggs to the store.'"

"Never fear me," says Mike, putting one hand deep in his pocket as if he felt the knife there already.

"I went into the out-room again to see if every thing was ready for dinner. Louisa had boiled some fresh eggs and made a sauce for the pudding, and every thing looked very genteel, considering. There was a plate of hashed fish nicely browned over at one end of the table, with a dish of eggs at one side of it, and a plate of rye bread on the other. In the middle of the table stood the pudding, trembling in the dish where it had just been turn-

ed from the bag, and breaking open a trifle on one side till you could see its heart as light as a cork and yellow as gold. Around it stood plates of pickles, a little ball of butter stamped on the top with a bird perched on a branch, and notched round the edges, besides preserved plums and quinces without end."

"Mike came in and stood looking to see what chair Mr. Smith would take. Mar didn't seem to know what he was there for, and says she—

"Set by and help yourself, Mr. Smith—Make yourself at home while you are here."

"We sat down to the table, all but Louisa, and she went up stairs and had a good crying spell, I dare say."

"The minute Mr. Smith sat down, Mike took his plate and heaped a great pile of fish on it, and then he cut an egg through the middle and let it run over the fish, while he took the same knife and sliced off the largest end of the pudding. There was not room enough on the plate, so he laid the pudding over the fish and sat the plate down before Mr. Smith. Then he sat the plate down before Mr. Smith took up the knife and fork, and while he was crossing them over the plate looked at me and winked one eye, as much as to say—

"I rather think that double bladed knife is safe enough this time any how."

"Then he put both hands on the back of our visitor's chair, and stood up behind him, just bending forward a little, while he watched Mr. Smith as he put the pudding on one side, and tried to push the pile of fish away from the preserves. My face was in a blaze, for I could see that Mr. Smith had as much as he could do to keep from laughing right out—Mar, she helped herself as if nothing were the matter. I trod on her foot and made a sign to Mike that he must help us, but she spoke right out—

"Good gracious," says she, 'Patty, how you have hurt my foot; and Mike, instead of helping us, thought that I wanted him to do something more for Mr. Smith; so he snatched the knife and fork from his hand, and began to mince up the fish right and left, with both elbows squared as if he were taking a flower bed.'"

"Mike," says Mar, 'why on earth don't you get a chair and set to?' For she couldn't tell what to think of his standing that way, so she moved along to make room. Mike shook his head, and made faces at her, while he minced away at the fish more furiously than ever. At last he pushed the plate back to Mr. Smith and gave another triumphant look. I really thought I should have died on the spot, and it was as much as I could manage to keep from bursting right out a crying."

"Mike," says I, at last, as well as I could speak, 'will you help me to some fish?'

"Well," says Mike, putting his hand into one pocket, and deliberating half a minute—"it wasn't exactly in the bargain that I should wait on the women folks too, but if you'll agree to throw in a handful of tobacco with the knife, I won't be particular this once."

"It was really too bad. I burst out a crying in good earnest, left the table and ran up stairs, feeling as if I could never speak to cousin Smith again."

"Towards night par came home with all the work hands. Mike told him who had arrived as he came through the barn yard, and in he ran without his coat and in his home-spun clothes. I went down stairs to tell him to fix up a little; but Mr. Smith was standing at the back door, and there were all the workmen round the well, close by, washing out of the tin wash-basin, and par in the midst—he came up to the stoop, wiped himself on the brown towel, and going up to the door shook hands a full minute with Mr. Smith, and would you believe it, he went right in to supper with the workmen and set down to a dish of cold pork and beans, just as if the table hadn't been set out for us in the spare room. I declare it hurt my feelings. It was too much; for just then Louisa came down to supper with the hands, and he made room for her between him and par, and helped her to every thing as genteelly as if she had been a York lady. I rather guess I didn't speak to Miss Louisa that night again."

"Well, at last morning time came on. I had always helped Louisa and Mar do up the chores, but this time I got my sewing work and sat down by the window as if I had never seen a cheesetub in my life. Mr. Smith sat close by me, looking out of the window, when he saw Louisa and Mar go down the yard with their pails. He smiled and said as if to himself, 'how fresh and pretty.' I thought he was thinking aloud about me; the color burned up to my face, and I began to tremble, for we were all alone in the room."

"What fine cows you have," he said at last, leaning over the window-sill—"do you go out and milk with your mother?"

"Oh, certainly not," says I, 'we leave such work to our help.'"

"I am sorry," says he, taking up his hat; 'the air is so sweet and everything looks so lovely, I must run away.'"

"Out he went through the door-yard, and when they came back he had Louisa's pail, foaming over with milk, in one hand and her stool in the other. I thought I should have dropped down I felt so dreadfully."

"The next morning Mar went up to the kitchen chamber, where the loom and wheel were kept. She had a piece in the gears and wanted me to go up and wind quills for her, but I just took her one side and told her not to think of such a thing, and made her promise that while cousin Smith staid she would never mention household to me in his hearing."

"She took Louisa up to help her, and I sewed a pattern to a piece of muslin, and sat down in the out-room with my hair curled, and a silver tumbler on, as if I had never done anything but work cuffs in my life. Mr. Smith came into the room, walked up and down awhile, then took a paper and read a little; but he seemed restless all the time, and at last went up to his room pretending to want something there. He staid and staid till I thought he must have gone to sleep."

"I began to feel rather lonesome and went up to the kitchen chamber to see how Mar got on with her weaving. When I got to the top of the stairs, as true as I live, there was cousin Smith standing by Louisa's quill wheel, the skein of tow yarn had got tangled on the swifts, and he was bending down to help to set her to rights. I saw his lips move as if he were saying something; but the loom made such a noise I could not hear a word. Louisa did not seem to answer, but she blushed up to her forehead; there was a soft sparkle in her eyes as the long lashes drooped over them, and a smile just dimpled her lips. I would have given all creation only just to have known

what he was saying. I went down stairs again and took up my work, but it was a long time before I took a stitch I can tell you."

"Well, it is of no use telling you all that happened during the four weeks that he staid with us. Every night he went out into the clover lot standing by Louisa while she did her milking; he would eat in the kitchen, and read to her half the morning when she was spinning on the little wheel, though he was obliged to read very loud to drown the noise of the flyers. I had made him believe that I did not know how to do any kinds of work, and so there I sat in the out-room working on them concerned old cuffs and crying my eyes out."

"One day I went up stairs to ask Mar for something. She had gone down to see about dinner, and there was cousin Smith with Louisa all alone in the chamber. He was talking to her very earnestly; she had stopped her wheel, and bending her face close to the spool, pretended to be moving her thread from one hook to the other—her hand was so unsteady that she only tangled the yarn, and her little foot shivered on the foot-board till it made the wheel tremble all over. At last she gave him one look, covered her face with both hands, and burst out a crying. Just then cousin Smith saw me."

"Come, here, Patty, come my kind cousin," says he, holding out his hand to me, "come and convince this sweet girl that my parents have no prejudices such as she dreams of. Tell her how kind and good they are—how happy they will be to receive her if she consents to go to them as my wife."

"I gasped for breath, and should have sunk to the floor but for Mar's loom which I fell against."

"You can tell her that this desire to make her my wife is no sudden fancy. You who praised her so much while in New York, and made me love her unceasing, cousin you must plead for me," as he said this, Mr. Smith put his arm around my waist and drew me towards Louisa. She raised her eyes, and a poor frightened looking thing she was. I did not hate her, for my heart was so heavy that it seemed to have no feeling. I said something, I don't know what, and tried to get away down stairs."

"It is of no use telling you any more, girls," said Aunt Patty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her immense cambric cape. You know how it all ended well enough, for all of you saw Mrs. Smith when she was here three years ago, and you are pretty well acquainted with the fact that I am an old maid, I reckon, by this time."

There was a kind of sentimental bitterness in those closing words which gave us to understand that Aunt Patty had not quite forgiven her mother's help for depriving her of a husband even then."

"And did you ever get another offer?" inquired Lizzy, looking roguishly up through her eyelashes.

"Yes," said Aunt Patty, with a bright twinge of her little eye. "Mike offered himself sometime that summer, but I gave him the tobacco and the double-bladed knife, and that pacified him," said she, with a low, mellow laugh that shook the chair beneath her."

It was difficult to tell whether the sigh that followed that last laugh portook most of regret for the past, or of satisfaction with the mature comforts which were left to the old maid."

### American Museum.

NEW YORK CITY.

P. T. BARNUM, Proprietor.

THIS Museum has 6 splendid halls, over 100 feet in length, containing upwards of 500,000 curiosities from every portion of the Globe.

Here are BEASTS, BIRDS, REPTILES, INSECTS, FISHES, &c. &c., of every species and kind ever known or heard of.

A GRAND COSMORAMA containing beautiful views of ancient and modern cities, natural scenery, moonlight views, &c. A large number of new ones have just been received from some of the first artists of France.

NOVELTIES AND CURIOSITIES, such as DWARFS, GIANTS, GIANTSESSES, OLRANG OUTANGS, &c. &c. are always engaged when opportunity offers.

RICH, DIVERSIFIED AND INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENTS, are always being given every evening, and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, by the most talented performers.

EVERY STRANGER, as well as citizen should visit this establishment, as valuable instruction is combined with rational amusement.

The price of admission is always 25 cents.

August 31, 1844. 4m38

### Stewart's Patent Summer and Winter Air-Tight Cooking Stove.

PERSONS who are in want of a first rate Cooking Stove, will do well to call at No. 8, ARCH ROW, 1st door North of the Augusta Bank, and examine the above named Stoves; which for neatness, durability and convenience, are not surpassed by any other kind of Cooking Stove whatever. Just read if you please what those persons who have used them.

Augusta, Aug. 22d, 1844.

MR. HOLCOMB—You request my opinion respecting Stewart's Patent Cooking Stove. I have used one of them constantly for a considerable time, and for many years have tried other Stoves—some of which were considered the best that could be obtained. But I feel no hesitation in recommending this Stove as being the best I have ever used or seen, either as a respect to economy of fuel, amount of work it is capable of performing, and the ease with which the work is done. The quantity of fuel necessary for its varied operations of boiling, baking, roasting and warming, is more than fifty per cent. less than that required by any other Stove that I have tried. Persons have only to use them a short time and become acquainted with their operation, to give them a decided preference over any other kind of Cooking Stove whatever. The Stove is neat, well put together, and being made of the very best materials, is not liable, when properly used to get out of repair like other Stoves.

E. FENNO.

We the undersigned do most cordially concur in the opinions above expressed, after giving Stewart's Stove a fair trial.

D. C. STANWOOD, Augusta. Wm. BRIDGE, Augusta. D. H. BAILEY, " DANIEL PIKE, " FRANCIS DAVIS, " Wm. WENDEBURG, " M. BAILEY, Winthrop. J. P. DILLINGHAM, " F. NYMAN, Yonkersville. DAVID BROOKS, " J. NEWELL, Whitefield. J. H. CLAPP, " J. F. CHILDS, Augusta. SARAH W. KIDDER, " R. T. BOSWORTH, " HENRY JORNSON, " ALEX. HATCH, China.

We have on hand several testimonials in favor of these Stoves, but will add only one at this time.

MR. HOLCOMB—Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in informing you that the Stewart's Summer and Winter Cooking Stove which I bought of you, gives great satisfaction, not only in the increased facilities for all kinds of cooking, but also for its great saving of fuel. I have used in my family a large number of Cooking Stoves, and can truly say that Stewart's Stove is much superior to any I have ever met with.

JOSEPH HOCKEY, Freedom, Waldo Co. June 14, 1844.

Persons who may wish to purchase these Stoves, are assured that if they do not answer the recommendations in every particular, after giving them a fair trial, they will be taken in exchange for any other kind that we may have on hand.

JONAS G. HOLCOMB & CO. Augusta, Aug. 28, 1844. 37

### Dutch Bolting Cloths.

FOR sale at Boston prices, by W. F. HALLETT.

Augusta, Sept. 26, 1844. 1y40

## NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber still continues to manufacture Trusses of every description, at his residence, at the old entrance in Temple Avenue, up stairs. All individuals can see him alone, at any time at the above place.

Having had twenty years' experience, he has afforded relief to three thousand persons, for the last five years. All may rest assured of relief who call and try Trusses of his manufacture. He is now confident he can give every individual relief who may call on him.

The public are cautioned against the many quacks who promise what they cannot perform.

Having worn the different kinds of Trusses, more or less, that have been offered to the public for the last twenty years, from different patent manufacturers, and now comes to wear those of his own manufacture, he is now able to best advise to adopt to all the cases that occur; and he has no bad as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Truss that can be had elsewhere.

J. F. F. manufactures as many as Twenty different kinds of Trusses, among which are all the different kinds similar to those that the late Mr. John Heath, of this city, formerly made, and all others advertised in Boston, together with the patent elastic spring Truss, with spring pads, &c. &c. Trusses with